Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I and heere I leaue you sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward. *Knock.*

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beate downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, he shall need none so long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was beloued in *Padua*: do you heare sir, to leaue frinolous circumstances, I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Pisa*, and is heere at the doore to speake with him.

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother sayes if I may beleeue her.

Petr. Why how now Gentleman: why this is flat knauerie to take vpon you an other mans name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to cozen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biond Lio.

Bion. I haue seene them in the Church together, God send them good shipping: but who is heere mine old Master *Vincentio* now we are vndone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for I neuer saw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What you notorius villaine, didst thou neuer see thy Maistus father, *Vincentio*;

Bion.

Bion. What my worshipfull old
where he lookes out of the window.
Vin. If so indeede. *He beates*
Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here'
Pedan. Help, sonne, helpe Sign.
Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's stand
controuersie.

Enter Pedant with seruants, Ba

Tra. Sir what are you that offer
Vinc. What am I sir: nay what a
oh fine villaine, a silken doublet
and a cparaine hat: oh I am vndon
the good husband at home, my son
at the vniuersitie.
Tra. How now what's the matter
Bapt. What is the man lunaticke
Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancie
but your words shew you a mad man
if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank
to maintaine it.
Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he i
Bap. You Mistake sir, you mistake
is his name?
Vin. His name, as if I knew no
him vp euer since he was three yeere
Ped. Awaie, away mad asse, his
mine onelie sonne and heire to the la
Vin. *Lucentio*, oh he hath murd
him I charge you in the Dukes nam
tell me thou villaine, where is my so
Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie
Father *Baptista*, I charge you see th
Vinc. Carrie mee to the Iaile?
Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go
Bap. Talke not signior *Gremio*: I
Gre. Take heede signior *Baptist*
this businesse: I dare sweare this is th
Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st,

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